

*The Historie of*

*Prince* Come hither, *Frances*. *Frances* My lord.

*Prince* How long hast thou to serue, *Frances*?

*Frances* Forsooth fve yeeres, and as much as to

*Poines* *Frances*.

*Frances* Anone, anone sir.

*Prince* Fve yeeres, berlady a long lease for the clincking of pewter; But *Frances*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it,

*Frances* O lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the books in *Eng. land*. I could finde in my heart

*Poines* *Frances*. *Frances* Anone sir.

*Prince* How olde arte thou, *Frances*?

*Frances* Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be

*Poines* *Frances*.

*Frances* Anone sir, pray you stay alittle my lord.

*Prince* Nay but hearke you *Frances*, for the sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, wast not?

*Frances* O lord, I would it had bin two.

*Prince* I will giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poines* *Frances* *Frances* Anone, anone.

*Prince* Anone *Frances*? No *Frances*, but to morrow *Frances*; or *Frances*, on thurseday: or indeede *Frances*, when thou wilt; But *Frances*.

*Frances* My lord.

*Prince* Wilt thou robbe this leatherne jerkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, caddice garter, smoothe tongue, Spanish powch?

*Frances* O lord sir, who doe you meane?

*Prince* Why then your browne bastard is your onely drinke; for looke you *Frances*, your white canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Frances* What sir? *Poines* *Frances*.

*Prince* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

*Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, standst thou still, and hearst such a calling? looke

*Henry the*

to the ghests within. My Lord more, are at the doore, shall I

*Prin.* Let them alone a while

*Poines.* Anon, Anon sir.

*Prince.* Sirra, Falstaffe and doore, shall we be merry?

*Poi.* As merry as Crickets ning match haue you made w what's the issue?

*Prince.* I am now of all humors, since the olde dayes age of this present twelue a cl *Frances*?

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* That euer this fellow Parrat, and yet the sonne of a and downe staires, his eloquen not yet of Percies minde, the me some fixe or seauen douze his handes, and sayes to his wife worke. O my sweet Harry, to day? Giue my Roane horse fwers, some fourteene, an hour call in Falstaffe, ile play Perc play Dame Mortimer his wife Ribs, call in Tallow.

*Enter I*

*Poines.* Welcome Iacke, wh *Falst.* A plague of all coward ry and Amen: giue me a cup long, ile sowe neatherstockes, too. A plague of all cowards. there no vertue extant?

*Prince.* Didst thou neuer se titull harted Titan that melted thou didst, then behold that con